

THE IOLA REGISTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

CHAS. F. SCOTT.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

Summary of the Daily News.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN has made a special demand on the treasury department for all defaulted bonds of the recent issue under his blanket bid of \$10,000,000. It was known that William Graves and associates of New York had defaulted to the extent of \$4,500,000. Their bid was \$15,139,100.

J. J. MOTT, chairman of the national committee of the silver party, has issued an address at Washington in which he appeals to Americans to renounce party obligations on the question of silver and elect a free silver president and have the white metal restored to its old rank.

JOHN, alias "Patey," Harris was hanged in the District of Columbia jail at Washington on the 14th for murdering a man named Spruel last Fourth of July while he was drunk. Harris was 26 years old.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has approved the bill granting right of way to the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf road for its Fort Smith branch.

REPRESENTATIVE TRACY has reported from the committee on military affairs a bill to allow the secretary of war to grant the use of any or all military parks to state militia and local military organizations for drill purposes and also for Grand Army encampments.

The house territories committee defeated the bill to admit Arizona to statehood, the vote standing five for and six against.

W. P. CRAIGHILL, chief of engineers of the army, has written a letter to Senator Squire, chairman of the committee on coast defenses, on the subject of the cost for the fortifications of the 27 principal coast cities of the country. He places the outside cost at \$70,000,000, but thinks it possible to do the work for \$35,000,000 if the eight-hour law were not applicable.

GENERAL NEWS.

ROBERT LAUGHLIN confessed to killing his wife and niece and then setting their house on fire near Augusta, Ky. He was taken on board a steamer on the 17th and carried to the Marysville jail for safety for fear of his being lynched, threats of vengeance being heard.

The big soap factory of P. C. Tomson & Co., at Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire on the 17th. The dwelling houses adjoining the factory and the works of the Philadelphia Cooperative Co. were also badly damaged. The total loss will be about \$500,000. About 300 men were thrown out of employment.

The old Houseman block at Grand Rapids, Mich., was gutted by fire on the 17th. Many of the persons on the upper floors had narrow escapes and several were seriously burned. The losses will aggregate \$200,000; partially insured.

A CHICAGO syndicate was going to send out an expedition to the Lena river to ascertain the truth about Dr. Nansen and to help the explorers, if possible.

THROUGH a boy's carelessness in throwing a match down amongst some oily rags after lighting a gas jet a terrible fire was caused at the shirt factory of S. S. S. & Co. at Troy, N. Y., on the 17th. There was a panic amongst the girls and many threw themselves out of the windows. Three were killed and several more were thought to have perished in the flames. The total loss was about \$250,000; insurance, \$100,000.

The express office of the Old Colony railroad at Boston, 300 feet of the outer trainhouse and 40 feet of the main depot shed were badly damaged by fire on the 17th. Six passenger cars were also destroyed and several others damaged. The fire was thought to have originated in the oil room.

Two tramps laid down on a warm cinder pile at the rolling mill at Harman, Tenn., and were suffocated and then cremated.

The box making department of the Herald Printing Co., at Erie, Pa., was burned out. The publications were not interfered with.

A RUMOR was current at New York that Amelle Rives Chandler, the novelist, was engaged to be married to Prince Troubetskoi.

COMMITTEES, representing 1,200 heads of families of Chicago, New York and Massachusetts, have been delegated to investigate Tehama county, Cal., for the purpose of founding a colony.

A MOB of 50 men recently took an alleged barn burner from jail at Monticello, Ky., and hanged him.

A MAN named Crumpton, in Rabun county, Ga., was suspected of having reported an illicit still to the revenue authorities, and a night or two ago as he stood near the window of the dining room of his house a bullet crashed through the window, struck him in the side, passed through and entered the heart of his daughter, who was standing near him, and she fell dead. The father also died soon afterwards.

HALF of the business portion of Greenville, N. C., was destroyed by fire on the 17th. Loss, \$150,000; insurance about one-third.

WHILE the American line steamer Paris, from New York on February 5, was docking at Southampton, Eng., on the 13th, she collided with the steamer Majestic, belonging to the Isle of Wright. The Majestic was sunk, but all the members of her crew were saved.

The post office at Petersburg, Ill., was entered recently by burglars. The safe was blown open and rifled of its contents, the office being generally ransacked. A short time afterward the building was discovered to be on fire and with its contents was totally destroyed.

A PASSENGER train on the Louisville & Nashville, loaded with excursionists en route to New Orleans, struck a cow near Montgomery, Ala., and was wrecked. The fireman was killed and the engineer fatally injured.

A CASE of trichinosis was reported in a family at Egg Harbor, Wis. Recently Mrs. Michael Carmondy died of what was thought to be typhoid fever. Her death was followed a few days later by that of her eldest daughter and the second daughter. Three more of the family were reported very low and none of them were expected to recover. It was found that the family had been eating plentifully of summer sausage, which, on examination, showed trichina to a considerable extent.

NEARLY all the prize fighters went over to Juarez, Mex., on the 16th to attend the bull fights. Four horses, worth about \$3 each, were gored to death, four bulls were tortured and slain and the arena was covered with blood. The fighters were disgusted to the last degree and tried to figure out how a people who can tolerate the sickening sight of the bullpen can object to prize fighting with gloves.

BON WILLIAMS, a negro murderer, was taken from a train near Montgomery, Ala., and lynched. The negro shot and killed Policeman John L. Suggs. The officers were overpowered and a plow line was thrown about the negro's neck. He was dragged across a field and hanged to a tree half a mile away. A thousand bullets were fired into his body. He confessed to the murder.

THE Buckeye glass works at Martin's Ferry, W. Va., were totally destroyed by fire on the 19th. Loss, \$150,000; insurance one-third.

THE New York Herald printed a forecast of the result in the republican national convention from returns received of delegates elected and an estimate on those to be chosen. It said McKinley was almost certain to receive 209 votes on the first ballot; Reed would come next with 182; then Allison with 139 and Morton with 121.

SOME women were cleaning the carpets of the Pullman sleeper Wyndham in the Pennsylvania yards at Pittsburgh, Pa., when the gas was ignited from the stove and an explosion followed, wrecking the Wyndham and badly damaging two other Pullman cars. Two women and the porter were seriously burned. One woman will probably die.

THE clearing house returns for the week ended February 14 for the following cities were: New York, \$501,496, 953; Chicago, \$80,230,048; St. Louis, \$22,199,040; Kansas City, \$9,643,490; St. Joseph, \$1,282,553; Topeka, \$277,961; Wichita, \$406,138; Omaha, \$1,132,064.

At a mine in Republic, Mich., the men were coming up in the skip from work when it caught and turned over on them, killing four and seriously injuring several others.

At Pratt's mines in Alabama, where the state convicts are worked, William Stainback, a notorious negro murderer serving a life sentence, made an assault upon John Crook, the mine boss, plunging a coal pick three times into Crook's back and head, beating out his brains, causing instant death. Stainback then made a desperate effort to escape, but was shot to death by the guards.

Five children and three adults were burned to death in a tenement house fire at London.

A BLACK-FACED burglar, either a negro or a white man blackened up, stabbed Jefferson Smith fatally and crushed the skull of his wife at Dallas, Tex., on the night of the 14th.

At Annapolis, Md., three children of William Littlejohn died from eating toadstools.

NEAR Perry, Ok., Mrs. Dyer was crushed to death by a heavy log, which rolled upon her from a wagon upon which her son was the driver.

GEORGE JONES shot and killed his sweetheart, Leah Martin, her mother, Mrs. W. J. Martin, and then put a bullet into his own head, at Centerville, Ia., on the 14th. The scene in the house indicated that Jones had come there and had a quarrel with the girl, and that her mother interfered between them; that Jones shot the mother first and then the daughter.

A PASSENGER director on the Pennsylvania road at New Brunswick, N. J., tried to prevent a man from crossing the line on account of the approach of a fast freight, when the man became angry and gave the railroad employee a push which sent him under the wheels. The employee died soon afterwards.

THERE had been bad blood between the seniors and juniors at Delaware, O., because the former were smashing the mortar board caps of the latter. On the night of the 14th there were riotous demonstrations, resulting in knockdowns, bloody noses and bruised heads.

CLARK BENSON, a senior, received a blow on the back of the head which may prove very serious. One junior girl tore the dress off a girl wearing senior colors. About 300 suits of clothing were ruined.

GERTRUDE CHARLOTTE HANSKA was slaved and seriously mutilated during an act at a museum in Minneapolis, Minn., on the 14th. Nero, the aged ferocious lion, who has killed three trainers during his exhibition career, was the assailant. The affair caused a panic in the auditorium and the curtain was rung down. The injured woman will recover unless blood poisoning sets in.

THE failures for the week ended February 14 (Don's report) were \$21 in the United States, against 370 last year, and 67 in Canada, against 51 last year.

At the banquet given by the Marquette club at Chicago on the 12th in commemoration of the birth of Abraham Lincoln ex-Gov. McKinley spoke to the toast, "Abraham Lincoln."

After giving a comprehensive sketch and tribute to Lincoln, Maj. McKinley devoted himself to a consideration of current political questions, especially the policy of protection.

WHILE gathering corn that had fallen from grain cars in the yards of the elevator company at Burlington, Ia., Joseph Westerbeck, a man 76 years of age, was crushed to death in attempting to pass between the drawbars of two cars.

A RECENT special from Ponca City Ok., said that the city council had bought the townsite of Cross for a city cemetery. When the Cherokee strip was opened to settlement in 1892 Ponca City and Cross sprang up within a mile of each other. The latter opened up the first day of its existence with a population of 3,000 and the former with a population of 2,000. It was war to the knife, but the officials at Washington recognized Ponca City as the legitimate townsite, and Cross gave up the fight and moved to Ponca City.

FOR the first time in half a century the Niagara falls on the New York side practically ran dry on the 13th. By the formation of an ice bridge or dam, extending from Schlosser's dock on the American bank, about half way across the river, the water was almost entirely diverted to the Canadian falls. It was possible for a man with a plank to have walked from the mainland to Goat island without wetting his feet, and, indeed, to walk between the islands inside of Goat island.

A PLOT to lynch Scott Jackson, Alonzo Wallin, William Wood and the Gasker brothers for the murder of Pearl Bryan was disclosed on the 13th by a letter received at Muncie, Ind. It said that at least 4,000 men would take part in the killing. It was said that unless the murderers were taken to Kentucky the mob of 4,000 would beat down on the Cincinnati jail, armed with Winchester, and lynch the men. The Gasker brothers are supposed to have hanged Pearl Bryan down the Ohio on the night of the murder, just before she was decapitated.

A BOAT containing five dead men and six barely alive was found on Dog Island beach near Carrabelle, Fla., on the 13th. The men were on a 50-ton schooner which was sunk in a recent gale. They had been adrift without food, water or clothing, and five succumbed before land was reached.

A BLOODY battle took place at a schoolhouse in Hopkins county, Tex., recently between Pink, Charles, William and Eften Walker on one side and Jack and Dan Williams on the other. Charles Walker was killed outright. William Walker received a fatal wound and Eften Walker a scalp wound. Jack Williams was shot through both thighs and will die. All were prosperous farmers.

ALL classes heretofore recognized by the L. A. W. were abolished at the session of the national convention at Baltimore, Md., on the 12th, and the cycle riders are now in exactly the same category as other athletes and sportsmen. In future the league will recognize no grades of amateurs and any rider who does not live strictly up to the rules governing non-professional sport will be placed in the ranks of the professionals. All the clauses in the league constitution creating classes A and B and defining the status of the men who formerly belonged to them were repealed.

TEXAS loaded with lumber jumped the track near Dexter, O., on the 12th and seven tramps were thought to have been killed.

ADVICES from Seoul, the capital of Korea, stated that an unending took place there recently, during which the premier and seven officials were murdered. The king and crown prince sought shelter in the Russian legation. It was said the king ordered the ministers to be put to death. A force of 200 Russian sailors and marines were guarding the legation of that country.

A TELEGRAM received at St. Petersburg on the 23th from Irkutsk, Siberia, said that a Siberian trader named Konchareff had received information that Dr. Nansen had reached the north pole, had found land there and was now returning toward civilization.

THE Brisbane river in Queensland has been greatly swollen recently owing to the floods and while a small steam ferry was crossing the river on the 12th with about 80 passengers on board she was capsized and 40 persons were drowned.

THE Mexican government is deporting American tramps under a clause in the constitution allowing the executive to send away pernicious foreigners. Tramps from the United States have become a nuisance in the sister republic.

A FIRE at Dunfield, Mich., on the 14th nearly wiped out the place, a stiff breeze blowing at the time.

THE celebrated case of Veder B. Payne against the townspeople of Guthrie, Ok., in which Payne claimed title to half of East Guthrie, including the finest residence part of the city, thickly built up with fine residences, was decided by the supreme court in favor of the townspeople. Payne claimed to have settled upon the land first on the day of the original opening of Oklahoma to settlement.

THE New York world on the 13th published a telegram from James J. Corbett dated at Anderson, Ind., offering to fight the winner of the Fitzsimmons-Maher contest in Australia, England or anywhere else.

THREE men were instantly killed at Milan, O., by the caving in of the walls of an artesian well in which they were working. They were all married, with families.

A FIRE at Shawnee, Ok., destroyed the Dexter block, occupied by Gerson Brothers, the Keith drug store and by law, real estate and doctors' offices. Loss, \$25,000; insurance small.

THE family of P. A. Higgins—consisting of father, mother, son and daughter, the two last aged 20 and 18 respectively—were all taken down with measles at Brights, Ala., and died. Neighbors had to bury the family one by one.

BILLY MADDEN announced at New York that he had arranged a female international six-day bicycle race between representatives of the United States, France and England, to begin at London on April 20 next. But one competitor from the United States has as yet been named—Miss Frankie Nelson, of Brooklyn, the champion of America. The second will be chosen later on.

Two thousand trousersmakers went on a strike in New York city on the 16th, closing 240 shops. The strikers have the support of the trousersmakers of Williamsburg and Brownsville, 500 of whom also went out.

BRING IN THE SHEAVES.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Spiritual Harvest.

Many Fields Now Ready for the Gospel Reapers—Work to Be Done by Christians—The Power of Prayer in the Great Work.

The subject of a late sermon at Washington by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage was "Bringing in the Sheaves," the text being from Joel iii:13, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe." Dr. Talmage said:

The sword has been poetized and the world has celebrated the sword of Bolivar, the sword of Cortez, and the sword of Lafayette. The pen has been properly eulogized, and the world has celebrated the pen of Addison, the pen of Southey, and the pen of Irving. The painter's pencil has been honored, and the world has celebrated the pencil of Murillo, the pencil of Rubens, and the pencil of Bierstadt. The sculptor's chisel has come in for high encomium, and the world has celebrated Chantrey's chisel, and Crawford's chisel, and Greenough's chisel. But there is one instrument about which I sing the first canto that was ever sung—the sickle, the sickle of the Bible, the sickle that has reaped the harvest of many centuries. Sharp, and bent into a semi-circle, and glittering, this reaping hook, no longer than your arm, has furnished the bread for thousands of years. Its success produced the wealth of nations. It has had more to do with the world's progress than sword, pen, and pencil, and chisel, all put together. Christ puts the sickle into exquisite sermonic simile, and you see that instrument flash up and down the Apocalypse as St. John swings it, while through Joel in my text God commands the people, as through his servants now he commands them—"Put ye in the sickle for the harvest is ripe."

Last November there was great rejoicing all over the land. With trumpet and cornet and organ and thousand voices we praised the Lord for the temporal harvests. We praised God for the wheat, the rye, the oats, the cotton, the rice, all the fruits of the orchard and all the grains of the field; and the nation never does a better thing than when in the autumn it gathers to festivity and thanks God for the greatness of the harvest. But I come to-day to speak to you of richer harvests, even the spiritual. How shall we estimate the value of a man? We say he is worth so many dollars, or he has achieved such and such a position; but we know very well there are some men at the top of the ladder who ought to be at the bottom, and some at the bottom who ought to be at the top, and the only way to estimate a man is by his soul. We all know that we shall live forever. Death cannot kill us. Other crafts may be driven into the whirlpool or shivered on the rocks, but this life within us will weather all storms and drop no anchor, and 10,000 years after death we shall shake out signals on the high seas of eternity. You put the mendicant off your doorstep and say he is only a beggar; but he is worth all the gold of the mountains, worth all the pearls of the sea, worth the solid earth, worth sun and moon and stars, worth the entire material universe.

Take all the paper that ever came from the paper mills and put it side by side and sheet by sheet, and let men with fleetest pens make figures on that paper for 10,000 years, and they will only have begun to express the value of the soul. Suppose I own Colorado and Nevada, and Australia, of how much value would they be to me one moment after I departed this life? How much of Philadelphia does Stephen Girard own to-day? How much of Boston property does Abbott Lawrence own to-day? The man who to-day hath a dollar in his pocket hath more worldly estate than the millionaire who died last year. How do you suppose I feel, standing here surrounded by a multitude of souls, each one worth more than the material universe? Oh, was I not right in saying this spiritual harvest is richer than the temporary harvest? I must tighten the gridle, I must sharpen the sickle. I must be careful how I swing the instrument for gathering the grain, lest one stalk be lost.

One of the most powerful sickles for reaping this spiritual harvest is the preaching of the gospel. If the sickle have a rosewood handle, and it be adorned with precious stones, and yet it cannot bring down the grain, it is not much of a sickle, and preaching amounts to nothing unless it harvest souls for God. Shall we preach philosophy? The Ralph Waldo Emersons could beat us at that. Shall we preach science? The Agassizes could beat us at that. The minister of Jesus Christ with weakest arms going forth in earnest prayer and wielding this sickle of the gospel, shall find the harvest all around him waiting for the angel sheaf-binders. Oh, this harvest of souls! I notice in the fields that the farmer did not stand upright when he gathered the grain. I noticed he had to stoop to his work, and I noticed in order to bind the sheaves the better he had to put his knee upon them. And as we go forth in this work of God we cannot stand upright in our rhetoric and our metaphysics and our erudition. We have to stoop to our work.

Oh, this is a mighty gospel! It captured not only John the lamb, but Paul the lion. Men may gnash their teeth at it, and clinch their fists, but it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. But alas, if it is only preached in pulpits and on Sabbath days! We must go forth into our stores, our shops, our banking houses, our factories, and the streets, and everywhere preach Christ. We stand in our pulpits for two hours on the Sabbath and commend Christ to the people; but there are 168 hours in the week, and what are the two hours on the Sabbath against the 166? Oh, there comes down the ordination of God this day upon all the people, men

who toil with head and hand and foot—the ordination comes upon all merchants, upon all mechanics, upon all toilers, and God says to you, as he says to me: "Go, teach all nations. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Mighty gospel, let the whole earth hear it! The story of Christ is to regenerate the nations, it is to eradicate all wrong, it is to turn the earth into a paradise. An old artist painted the Lord's Supper, and he wanted the chief attention directed to the face of Christ. When he invited his friends in to criticize the picture they admired the chalice more than they did the face, and the old artist said: "This picture is a failure," and he dashed out the picture of the cups and said: "I shall have nothing to detract from the face of the Lord; Christ is the all of this picture."

Another powerful sickle for the reaping of this harvest is Christian song. I know in many churches the whole work is delegated to a few people standing in the organ loft. But, my friends, as others cannot repent for us and others cannot die for us, we cannot delegate to others the work of singing for us. While a few drilled artists shall take the chants and execute the more skillful music, when the hymn is given out let there be hundreds and thousands of voices uniting in the acclamation. On the way to grandeur that never ceases and glories that never die, let us sing. At the battle of Lutten, a general came to the king and said: "Those soldiers are singing as they are going into battle. Shall I stop them?" "No," said the king, "men that can sing like that can fight. Oh, the power of Christian song. When I argue here you may argue back. The argument you make against religion may be more skillful than the argument I make in behalf of religion. But who can stand before the pathos of some uplifted song like that which we sometimes sing:

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live!
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

Another mighty sickle for the reaping of the gospel harvest is prayer. What does God do with our prayers? Does He go on the battlements of Heaven and throw them off? No. What do you do with gifts given you by those who love you very much? You keep them with great sacredness. And do you suppose God will take our prayers, offered in the sincerity and love of our hearts, and scatter them to the winds? Oh, no! He will answer them all in some way. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! It is not a long rignarole of "ohs," and "ahs," and "for ever and ever, Amen." It is a breathing of the heart into the heart of God. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! Elijah with it reached up to the clouds and shook down the showers. With it John Knox shook Scotland. With it Martin Luther shook the earth. And when Philip Melancthon lay sick unto death, as many supposed, Martin Luther came in and said: "Philip, we can't spare you." "Oh," said he, "Martin, you must let me go; I am tired of persecution and tired of life. I want to go to be with my God." "No," said Martin Luther, "you shall not go; you must take this food and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melancthon, "you must let me go." Martin Luther said: "You take this food, or I will excommunicate you." He took the food and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as he could, pray, and convalescence came, and Martin Luther went back and said to his friends: "God has saved the life of Philip Melancthon in direct answer to my prayer." Oh, the power of prayer! Have you tested it?

It does not make so much difference about the posture you take, whether you sit, stand or kneel, or lie on your face, or in your physical agonies lie on your back. It does not make any difference about the physical posture, as was shown in a hospital, when the chaplain said when he looked over the beds of suffering: "Let all those wounded men here who would like to be prayed for lift the hand!" Some lifted two hands; others lifted one hand; some with hands amputated could only lift the stump of the arm. One man, both his arms amputated, could give no signal except to say: "Me! Me!" Oh, it does not make any difference about the rhetoric of your prayers; it does not make any difference about the posture; it does not make any difference whether you lift a hand or have no hand to lift. God is ready to hear you. Prayer is answered. God is ready to respond.

"Lift up your eyes upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest!" How many have you reaped for God? Do you ask me how many I have reaped for God? I cannot say. Now can you say how many you have reaped? I hope there are some who have been brought into the kingdom of God through your instrumentality. Have there not been? Not one? You, a man 35, 40, 50 years of age, and not one. I see souls coming up to glory. Here is a Sunday school teacher bringing ten or fifteen souls. Here is a tract distributor bringing in forty or fifty souls. Here is a man you have never heard of who has been very useful in bringing souls to God. He comes with 150 souls.

They are the sheaves of His harvest. How many have you brought? No one—can it be? What will God say? What will the angels say? Better crouch down in some corner of Heaven and never show yourself. Oh, that harvest is to be reaped now! And that is this instant! Why not be reaped for God this hour?

"Oh," says some man, "I have been going on the wrong road for 30, 40 or 50 years; I have gone through the whole catalogue of crime and must first get myself fixed up." Ah, you will never get yourself fixed up until Christ takes you in charge. You get worse and worse until he comes to the rescue. "Not the righteous; sinners Jesus came to call." So, you see, I take the very worst case there is. If there is a man here who feels he is all right in heart and life, I am not talk-

ing to him, for he is probably a hypocrite. I will talk to him some other time. But if there is a man who feels himself all wrong, to him I address myself. Though you be wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet and wounded in the head, and wounded in the heart, and through the gangrene of eternal death put upon you, one drop of the elixir of divine life will cure your soul. Though your feet have gone in unclean places, though you have companioned with the abandoned and the lost, one touch of divine grace will save your soul.

I rattle the gates of your sepulcher to-day. I take the trumpet of the gospel and blow the long, loud blast. Roland went into battle. Charlemagne's army had been driven back by the three armies of the Saracens, and Roland, in almost despair, took up the trumpet and blew three blasts in one of the mountain passes, and under the power of those three blasts the Saracens recoiled and fled in terror. But history says that when he had blown the third blast Roland's trumpet broke.

I take this trumpet of the gospel and blow the first blast: "Whoever will." I blow the second blast: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." I blow the third blast: "Now is the accepted time." But the trumpet does not break. It was handed down by our forefathers to us, and we shall hand it down to our children, that after we are dead they may blow the trumpet, telling the world that we have a pardoning God, a loving God, a sympathetic God, and that more to Him than the throne on which He sits is the joy of seeing a prodigal put his finger on the latch of his father's house.

I invite anyone the most infidel, anyone the most atheistic, I invite him into the kingdom of God with just as much heartiness as those who have for 50 years been under the teachings of the gospel and believed it all. When I was living in Philadelphia a gentleman told me of a scene in which he was a participant. In Callowhill street, in Philadelphia, there had been a powerful meeting going on for some time and many were converted, and among others one of the prominent members of the worst club house in that city. The next night the leader of that club house, the president of it, resolved that he would endeavor to get his comrade away. He came to the door, and before he entered he heard a Christian song, and under its power his soul was agitated. He went in and asked for prayer. Before he came out he was a subject of converting mercy. The next night another comrade went to reclaim the two who had been lost to their sinful circle. He went, and under the power of the Holy Ghost became a changed man, and the work went on until they were all saved and the infamous club house disbanded. Oh, it is a mighty gospel! Though you came here a child of sin, you can go away a child of grace, you can go away singing:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

Oh, give up your sins! Most of your life is already gone. Your children are going on the same wrong road. Why do you not stop? "This day is salvation come to thy house." Why not this moment look up into the face of Christ and say:

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come.

God is going to save you. You are going to be among the shining ones. After the toils of life are over, you are going up to the everlasting rest; you are going up to join your loved ones, departed parents and departed children. "Oh, my God!" says some man, how can I come to Thee? I am so far off. Who will help, I am so weak? It seems such a great undertaking! Oh, my brother, it is a great undertaking! It is so great you cannot accomplish it, but Christ can do the work. He will correct your heart and He will correct your life. "Oh," you say, "I will stop profanity." That will not save you. "Oh," you say, "I will stop Sabbath breaking." That will not save you. There is only one door into the kingdom of God, and that is faith; only one ship that sails for Heaven, and that is faith. Faith the first step, the second step, the hundredth step, the thousandth step, the last step. By faith we enter the kingdom. By faith we keep in. In faith we die. Heaven a reward of faith. The earthquake shook down the Philippian dungeon. The jailer said: "What shall I do?" Some of you would say: "Better get out of the place before the walls crush you." What did the apostle say? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "Ah," you say, "there's the rub." What is faith? Suppose you were thirsty and I offered you this glass of water, and you believed I mean to give it to you, and you came up and took it. You exercise faith. You believe I mean to keep my promise. Christ offers you the water of everlasting life. You take it. That is faith.

Enter into the kingdom of God; enter now. The door of life is set wide open. I plead with you by the bloody sweat of Gethsemane and the death groan of Golgotha, by cross and crown, by Pilate's court room and Joseph's sepulcher, by harps and chains, by kingdoms of light and realms of darkness, by the trumpet of the archangel that shall wake the dead, and by the throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb, that you attend now to the things of eternity.

Oh, what a sad thing it will be, if, having come so near Heaven we miss it! Oh, to have come within sight of the shining pinnacles of the city and not have entered! Oh, to have been so near we have seen the mighty throng enter, and we not joining them! Angels of God, fly this way! Good news for you, tell the story among the redeemed on high! If there be one especially longing for our salvation, let that one know it now. We put down our sorrows. Glory be to God for such a hope, for such a pardon, for such a joy, for such a Heaven, for such a Christ!